plackeet and the impression they made upon me. I had fourneyed down out of the mining camps into the plains of the upper Missouri, and there one morning a tribe of picturesque and garly apparelled people passed by on their way to buffalo in the country south of the river. Long and earnestly I stared at this straggling column of riders, at their saddles and accourrements, at the mysterious pouches and bags of the medicine men, as they awang on the sides of a painted horse. It was a great sight to a young man fresh from the East, who had never seen a wild Indian and knew nothing of him except through the medium of cooper's novels.

"Who are these people?" I asked of a white pian who brought up the rear of the long procession, "and where are they going?"

"They are the Bisckfeet." he replied, "and they are going south of the river to winter."
"Be you go with them?" I ased.

"Yes," he said. "I am a hunter and trapper, "The said. "I am a hunter and trapper, "Branch and a live and pour servers are in the said. "The Sioux haven't killed any of your relatives."

"Horses, my boy, horses," he replied, "There are liable to be a good many horses taken by this expedition and I want some of them."

"Yes," he said. "I am a hunter and trapper. and as my wife is a Blackfoot we travel with "Wait a little," I said. "Come ever to the

rost. If possible I would like to make arrangements to accompany you for a time."

That night I found myself sheltered for the first time in an Indian lodge, made of the tanned skins of buffalo cows, and very cheerful and comfortable it seemed. It was conical in share, sixteen feet in diameter at the base, and the centre of it was given up to the fire, which, though small, was bright and cheerful, and gave out sufficient warmth. As I sat back on my couch, watched the neat wife of my new friend prepare our simple meal and listened to his stories of hunting and adventure, I was thoroughly content. In the evening the chief of the tribe sent for us, and we went over to his lodge, a very large one, painted on the outside with life-size figures of animals and decorated with buffalo tails. When we entered, the old man gracefully

motioned us to the place of honor at his right, and one of his sons-he had seven-placed some food before us. I said I could not eat. but my friend Dan informed me that I must at least taste a little of it, for to refuse it entirely would be considered a gross breach of etisuette. So I slowly worried down the tender

"Horses, my boy, horses." he replied. "There are liable to be a good many horses taken by this expedition and I want some of them. I'm going to quit this life next summer and settle down on a ranch. A rancher can't get along without horses, and as I am not able to buy them I've gotto steal them. Lord knows the Sioux have stolen many a head from me, so if I succeed I'll only be playing even."

Nothing I could say would alter his determination, so I got some women to move my belongings over to Running Crape's lodge, where I was to stay during his absence, and then went with Dan to see the party off. They had all assembled near the leader's lodge and were waiting for him to come out. Each man carried a little bundle of moccasins and food, and strapped on his back or slung over his shoulder were his war clothes, such as feather or horned headdresses and beautifully embroidered buckskin shirts and leggings, which were to be donned just before the battle. Nearly all carried rifles of one kind or another, but some were armed only with the bow and arrow and the shield. Others who had guns also carried these primitive weapons, which from horseback and at close range were terribly effective. A great erowd of men, women and children had assembled to see the party leave. The leader soon appeared, carrying besides feetive. A great crowd of men, women and children had assembled to see the party leave. The leader soon appeared, carrying beginder his weapons and clothing the sacred medicine bundle intrusted to him by the medicine man. He looked neither to the right nor left, but strode off at a rapid pace toward the east, and his followers, singly and in little groups, fell in behind him. No one uttered a word, save one young married woman, who cried out:

"Bon't go! Don't go, my husband!"

"Hush!" said an old woman, putting one hand ever her mouth. "Do you seek to take the courage out of his heart and make him a woman."

terview himit efore he had unhitched his horses. Would be eash a draft for me? No, he carried no currency. Didn't I have any robes to trade?

no currency. Didn't I have any ropes to trade?

I went to the lodge and returned with three fine head-and-tail tanned buffalo robes. For one I got a pound of tobacco; for another, eight cups of flour; for the third two cups of ant and four of sugar, The robes were worth \$24. But how good that tobacco, bread and sugar tasted! The trader probably had in his wagon, a ten of goods all told. In less than an hour he had sold the last bound of them and received in return at least \$3,500 worth of robes and furs. He paid me a visit that evening and helied eat some of the slender stock. I had bought of him. He was not very talkative and seemed to be quite downcast about something. I asked him if he was sick, and he realled:

he replied:
"Oh, no, I ain't sick, but I'm feelin' kinder
blue. I might jest as well uh charged double
the price I did fer my goods es not. I didn't
know the camn was so short."
One bright and sunny afternoon the lookout
on the hill signalled that our warriors were
approaching. We all rushed out to the edge
of the timber—men, women and children tumon the hill signalled that our warriors were aptroaching. We all rushed out to the edge of the timber—men, women and children tumbling over each other in the excitement—just in time to see the party come charging down over the brow of the hill, driving before them a large herd of captured horses. The braves were all decked out in their streaming war bonnets and clothes; their faces were painted red, blue, yellow and white; they chanted a spirited song of victory in unison, fired their guns in the air and waved long tresses of black hair, which we knew were scales.

spirited song of victory in unison, fired their guns in the air and waved long tresses of black hair, which we knew were scales.

Swiftly they rode down the steen incline, fairly flew over the level flat, and in a minute were in the midst of us. What a noise and confusion there was then; the relatives of the returned were fairly beside themselves with roy; the old men danced in their excitement. Women with streaming eyes dragged their husband or brother from his horse and hugged and kissed him, as he stood with his bowed head, and eyes modestly cast down. Tears fell from his eyes, too, but as a warrior and in the presence of the people he could not give way to his emotion. And now, high above his joyful greating, rose the shrill plaintive notes of sorrow and despair. Not all of the warriors had returned. Far off there to the eastward on the plains of the Sloux three of our people had lost their lives, one of them the lighthearted, careless Dan. So after all, the roy was temecred with sadness, and while the exultant scale dance and songs went on, out in the brush, in the darkness and cold, wives mothers, and sisters shivered and sobbed, cryling out the names of their lost loved ones, until, worn out and speechless, they were gently led to their homes, where the warm fire soon caused them to sleep, and, for a time, to forget their sorrows. them to sleep, and, for a time, to forget their sorrows.

## How New York Compares with Reports from London in This Particular.

Some figures were recently compiled in London to show the number of persons employed directly or indirectly in the theatres and music nalls of that city, and the total was found to be nearly 100,000. There are fifty-five theatres in London and more than 400 music halls, of various grades and character, and it is estidon are visited on an average by 325,000 persons of an evening, or a total in a year of 100,-000,000. If the estimate of the number of employees is correct at 100,000, although there is sod reason to doubt it, the number of such employees bears to the number of to three. It is presumed that these figures of theatre and music hall employees the waiters and attaches, and perhaps many others not directly connected with such establishments, for in London many of the music halls, and occasionally some of the theatres, find their In vacation times he returned to the farm licenses in dispute, and the reason for enlarging his work there. After his graduation

| The content of the

POET MIND OF AN ATHLETE.

NEW LIGHT ON THE MAKE-UP OF THE LATE MARSHALL NEWELL.

A Memorial by His Classmates Which Gives Extracts from His Diary Showing a Love of Nature and a Felicitous Use of Words in Writing Down His Thoughts.

An important addition to the literature of Harvard University is the Marshall Newell memorial recently issue 1 by his classmates of the class of 94 and embodying extracts from his diary. This is not the common post-

his diary. This is not the common postextravagant adjectives, claimant of all the known virtues. It is a convincing portraiture of a young man who was held, while an undergraduate, to be the best type of a college athlete, and now appears, through the medium of his own diary, to have been a high type of the American college-bred man and gentleman. Incidentally, the extracts from Newell's diary form a telling argument against that cult whose oft-expressed belief it is that the college athlete is and ever will be nothing

more than an athlete.

Two pictures of Newell are embodied in the book. It is unfortunate that the one chosen as a frontispiece should be the less expressive of the man's character, as it is outlined in the memorial, than the other. Probably the place it was the last photograph taken before his death. The face of the picture is a manly. open, but rather stolid face-a true representation of the features of the man, not a true representation of the man himself. The camera has done its duty scantly, and the informing expression that gave Marshall Newell's face its charm is lacking. The other picture, which was taken some years earlier, shows him in his 'varsity sweater with its much prize i H. This is the picture that Harvard men will wish to keep-the true likeness of a man whom all the Harvard men of his time were glad to know, and whom those who knew him best were proud to call their friend. The volume is further illustrated by scenes near Newell's home, which serve well their purpose of benu-

The class memorial, which forms the first part of the book, gives a brief sketch of Newell's life. He was born in New Jersey in 1871. and spent his boyhood on his father's farm in Great Barrington, Mass, doing such work as falls to the lot of even the most prosperous farmers' sons. In 1887 he entered Phillips Exeter Academy, where he played football in the school team. He graduated with honor in 1890), and entered Harvard in the fall of that His magnificent physique, combining strength with agility, gave him a place, though a freshman, on the 'varsity football team, and during his course he earned the reputation of being not only one of the foremost, but also one

of the fairest players of his time. Newell was also on the 'varsity craws of '92 and 303. His devotion to athletics did not preclude interest in his studies, and he stood well sonal popularity was great, and he was a memeagerly sought, including the Institute of 1770 the Dickey, the Hasty Pudding, and the Six

with him into the railroad business, and his observations from the trains are of flowers and birds and skies.

"Jan, 19-Beautiful cold weather, Stars and moon brighter than the switch-lights. Went up the Branch. So busy I did not have time to admire the beauties of the country in zero weather. Clear and cold to-night.

"Jan, 21-Went to Athol on the freight and came back on 375. Bode on the engine nearly all the way back. Wondered if I could be any happter if I owned the road.

"April 2-Went up to Winehendon. Butternies and inhoches; saw a honey bee and a flock of blackbirds; have not heard any singling. The rool brieze, as we rode through the pine woods, coming from the snowdrills was very refreshing, and at some places the odor from the warm pine needles perfumed the air. A dreamland to ride through, too soon passed, like many happy moments.

refreshing, and at some places the odor from
the warm pine needles perfumed the air. A
dreamland to ride through, too soon passed,
like many happy moments.

"April 19—Went to Winchendon, across to
Athol, and down to Scringfield. Picked some
arbutus about noon. The blessoms were just
overling, and tangled in the dead grass and
their own green leaves, they twinkled like
laughing eyes. If I were only in the country
all the time my thoughts would be as clear and
fresh as all its objects.

"July 31—Went to North Adams Junction.
Watched the sky through the clouds; some
places it was light and dreamy, and in others a
deep, true and grand hue that relsed spirits
and thoughts to hisher evels. If I could only
look at business as I to the sky; but I have
been taught in a different school.

"Aug. 11—Warm day, heavy shower this
evening; thunder and lightning. Stayed in
the office all day. Feel like a fool when I am
sitting at a desk.

"Sent. 2—Stayed in the office. Walked out
to Mitteneague and went in swimming after
I was President or not.

"Sent. 21—Went to New Salem and walked
to Petersham. Picked up some chestnuts.
Witch hazet is in blossom. Found some beautiful fringed gentlan; bluer than any sky and
fringed as delicately as a window pane is frosted in winter nights; odorless, because no perfume can match their delicate beauty.

"Dec. 11—Fevening. Went to Gus Gardner's
dinner at the Tuilleries. About fifty men were
present. Representative men of Harvard athleties; and I think I got more incentives for
fuverly the first in the were fine, frank, and
cordial.

"Dec. 13—Cold. pleasant day. Went to
Athol with the freight. Cut some witch hazel

ork. The men I met were base ordini.
"Dec 13-Cold, pleasant day, Went to their with the freight. Cut some witch hazel soughs and thorn apples to decorate my room. They looked very pretty with their brown nuts and yellow blossoms."

The memorial series of the memorial series or the memorial series or the memorial series. This is the last entry given. The memorial concludes with the reproduction of an article on New oil from the Outlook, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. The volume is privately printed and not for sale.

## POLICE FORCES COMPARED. Numbers, Pay and Work of the Depart-

## ments in New York and London. The present population of the city of London

tion of the city of New York is 3,500,000, and cities in the world. Paris, the third largest, being nearly 1,000,000 behind New York, and

HARD WORK TO MAKE MAPS.

Years of Labor Sometimes Given to On Cartographic Product.

Few people have any idea of the immense labor expended upon the production of the best maps. Prof. Wagner, who occupies the chair of geography at the University of Got tingen, Germany, was taking about it the other day. This famous geographer had just completed the latest revision of his Atlas of School Geography.

"I revise the Atlas about every two years," said the Professor. "It requires several months of my time; and in addition to this I have to be on the lookout every day for news have erept into the mans, new political boundaries, new temperature observations in the Amazon basin, for instance, where few me-teorological records have been kept, which on my maps, and a great variety of other information which necessitates many changes on my map plates of more or less importance. I have to keep on the all the maps from explorers which are published by the geographical societies of all lands. It is from these maps that most of our information about new discoveries and the correction of errors is detailed topographic survey, isssued by the Governments of nearly all civilized lands. They now number thousands and they must be in the libraries of all first-class map pubfully abreast of geographic progress.

"There is also a great deal of authoritative literature giving many geographical facts, such as the distribution of agricultural products in a country, which may be clearly indimation has to be classified and pigeonholed ready for use when the time comes for the next man revision.

"Many persons might think that the most would not often require correction on the maps; but this is not so. In the Arctic re-gions, for instance, within a short time Peary visits an unknown part of the northeast coast of Greenland and finds a channel leading far west and separating the mainland as far as is determined from the islands further north; Nansen discovers new facts about the depth of the Arctic Ocean, the movements of Arctic currents, mean temperatures, &c., and pushes his work within 250 miles of the North Pole then Jackson appears with an entirely new map of Franz Josef Land which completely changes our ideas of the geography of that about 200 hitherto unknown reefs and rocks and other dangers to navigation are discovs 4.500,000. It was 4,443,018 officially by the ered and must be noted on many maps.

"It is the business of the geographer to take New York and Lendon are now the two largest and use it with critical care. He can tell within narrow limits what degree of eredence is to ing nearly 1,000,000 behind New York, and be given to the work of each explorer and he Berlin having less than one-half the population rejects a great deal of information which does not appear to him to be based upon sufficiently

# MARBLEHEAD ON THE BAY.

QUAINT WAYS AND FORMS OF SPEECE IN THE OLD TOWN.

It Has a "Floyd Ireson" Dialect, but Most of the Citizens Are Unwilling to Admit It-Some of the Queer Words in Use-The Final Vindication of Capt. Ireson.

"In a first visit to Marbiehead one is directly impressed by the broad waterscape and bold coast and headlands," said a pligrim from the West, who came to the old Massachusetts fishing town last summer. "Passing through the of fresh discoveries, corrections of errors that and modern residences, he finds in the narrow streets which lead up from the waterside ounint old frame houses, hugging the wavelds so closely that their projecting upper stories or some cases jut above the sidewalk. All this tallies with his preconceived notions of the historic town and satisfies his anti-quarian taste. It is when he listens for the dialect, the burring speech and quaint words and phrases for which the Marblehead folk from earliest days have been noted that he flads himself at fault. If he come with introductions to old residents he is likely to get little help from them in tracing up to this peculiar form of speech, and the chances are that they will dony that it exists or say rather that they 'have never heard it.' This dialect has been so exploited, not always respecifully, in prose and verse that the townssuspicion, which the stranger must take pains o remove, that he thinks them outlandish, and

has come to laugh at them.
"To find the old speech, the visitor must go exploring on his own account down at the wharves where the fishing craft lie, and among the people of humble sphere in the queer bystreets and tumble-down houses by the waterside. Here he will eatch fragments of the Marbiehead dialect in the talk he overhears. and when he has overcome the distrust of barren and scaptily peopled parts of the world I the stranger and gained a standing among the oracles of the neighborhood he will find in the talk of some picturesquely illiterate man or woman or child the ancient speech in all its quaintness. Whittler caught it truly in his rhyme of the tarring and feathering of Floyd Iroson, in the refrain which he ascribes to the Marblehead women.

'Here's Flud Oirson farr his horrd harrt.

Tarr'd and futherr'd and corr'd in a corrt
By the women of Morels'ead.'
"A Marbiehead man of the old stock tells you not that he is cold, but that he is 'crimmy.' If the daughter do her sewing carelessly her mother will probably reprove her for making a region; and Tyrrell traverses a part of North

America west of Hudson's Bay never before visited and finds new facts for the mans, and other Canadian explorers trace to Hudson's hay daughter may get 'pixilated,' which means confused or bewildered, or turn 'grouty' and sulk. In the dialoct a welling is a 'planchment' and a malis to 'squale im up,' and of an unpopular ought to be squaled,' meaning stoned.

"Years ago when the old dialect was the accopic l'impliante o' i - alle of all degroes in the ancient town, a court trial was in progress in Lyan to which a number of Marbbehead citizen-had been called as witnesses. When the time came to open the testimony the court